

unseen guests and usher them into the 'house with these words, " Ye are tired, our own ones ; take something to eat." The ghosts accordingly refresh themselves at each table in succession. Then the master of the house bids them warm themselves at the stove, remarking that they must have grown cold in the damp earth. After that the living guests sit down to eat at the tables. Towards the end of the meal the host opens the window and lets the ghosts gently out of it by means of the shroud in which they were lowered into the grave. As they slide down it from the warm room into the outer air, the people tell them, " Now it is time for you to go home, and your feet must be tired ; the way is not a little one for you to travel. Here it is softer for you. Now, in God's name, farewell ! " ' Annual Among the Votiaks of Russia every family sacrifices to its dead once a year in the week before Pasch Sunday. The sacrifice is offered in the house about midnight Flesh, bread, or of° Russia, cakes and beer are set on the table, and on the floor beside the table stands a trough of bark with a lighted wax candle stuck on the rim. The master of the house, having covered his head with his hat, takes a piece of meat in his hand and says, " Ye spirits of the long departed, guard and preserve us well. Make none of us cripples. Send no plagues upon us. Cause the corn, the wine, and the food to prosper with us." 2 The Votiaks of the Governments of Wjatka and Kasan celebrate two memorial festivals of the dead every year, one in autumn and the other in spring. On a certain day koumiss is distilled, beer brewed, and potato scones baked in every house. All the members of a clan, who trace their descent through women from one mythical

ancestress, assemble in a single house,
 generally in one
 which lies at the boundary of the clan land.
 Here an old
 man moulds wax candles ; and when the
 requisite number
 is made he sticks them on the shelf of the
 stove, and begins
 to mention the dead relations of the master of
 the house by
 name. For each of them he crumbles a
 piece of bread,

¹ W. R. S. Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People* ~ (London, 1872), pp. 321 sq. The date of the festival is not mentioned. Apparently it is celebrated at irregular intervals.

² M. Buch, *Die*

1882), p. 145.